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Mollusk Match: Chapter 6

Grace numbly walked down the hallway toward her living quarters, escorted by a guard. Those last words of Lucius echoed in her head.

'Over the next few days, it will be quite obvious who passed and who failed. I am sure you will retain enough intelligence to figure it out.'

Grace stopped and tightly closed her eyes as adrenaline surged through her sweat-drenched body. She moved a shaky hand up to grip her arm, trembling as she took slow, deep breaths. *There's no way in hell I'm passing this round, is there?* She ruminated on her performance during Variety Hour, desperately trying to dig up a reason for somehow doing better than she expected. Maybe her demeanor and proclamation to the VVIPs would win her enough points to barely scrape out a victory. She only had to score more points than six other girls; surely, some of them would be in the same boat, right?

"Hey! Get a move on; I don't have all day!" The guard grunted, crossing his arms in annoyance. "Get moving, or I'm authorized to put you back in your quarters by force, you understand?"

"Y-- Yeah, don't freak out. I got it," Grace responded with an exasperated sigh, continuing her trek forward. She saw the reinforced door at the end of the hall and wondered how many times she would be making this same somber march back to her glorified prison cell. *You're going to start changing tonight.* She told herself she couldn't live in denial, gritting her teeth. Her breathing grew more labored as she finally made it to the end.

"You're the first one living here to make it back," The guard bluntly stated, letting Grace inside before leaving and closing the door behind him with a metallic clank. Dull, mechanical rumbling sounded off as the door soundly locked, preventing any chance of escape. She stood completely still, staring off into space as the gravity of her situation sank in. There was no way she could get into the top six, right? Acting confident and addressing the audience wasn't going to make everything okay magically; she hadn't scored a single point on the quiz portion.

Grace took a slow breath and numbly walked toward the couch, flopping onto her side as she pulled her knees up to hide her face. She didn't even bother to take her shoes or tracksuit jacket off. *Eun scored many points, and I'm sure Rose will get bonus points from Lucius. All I did was talk big.* The odds of scoring higher than the two other girls in her group seemed slim to none; that meant there would have to be six players amongst the other nine who scored lower than her. In her mind, that meant there would have to be six players who not only scored no points on the questions but also didn't choose to offer sexual favors to the audience. "God dammit..." She grunted, trembling as she tightly closed her eyes. As the seconds passed, the drumming of her heart intensified.

Badum, badum, badum, badum...

Grace gritted her teeth and tightly clenched the arm of the couch in her hand. *Relax-- even if I lose one game, it's not the end of the world. Others already have it way worse than I do... Relax, please...* She steadied her breathing, recalling the words of Margaret in her past.

"Even if you don't have control over the situation you're in, you always have control over yourself."

Those words gave Grace some semblance of comfort and control. Grace didn't really have control of herself physically, lacking bodily autonomy as psychopaths forced her body to change. However, getting worked up wouldn't help. She adjusted her body, stretching her legs while resting the side of her head against the couch's arm. As her adrenaline spike tapered off, a wave of exhaustion hit her. Making it through Variety Hour without having a mental breakdown proved to be more arduous a task than she anticipated. Before long, she passed out into a troubled slumber.

Grace stirred from her slumber upon feeling a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Mmmm..." She mumbled and tried to ignore it in her sleepy haze.

"H-- Hey... I'm sorry to bother you," a soft, uncertain voice whispered.

"Arina?..." Grace awakened, cracking her eyes as she sat on the couch and yawned. Looking upward, she saw Arina staring down at her, causing a flood of relief to surge through her. She wouldn't admit it out loud, but Arina's sweet and earnest disposition had quickly become a source of strength for her. "Good morning," Grace weakly smiled.

"It's not morning, but I appreciate the sentiment," Arina smiled in return, sitting next to Grace. She suddenly shifted her eyes away as her body language grew hesitant. "H-- How did you do? Is everything okay?" She cautiously asked, reaching over to gently grip her friend's hand while giving her a squeeze.

Can she tell I performed awfully? Maybe it's written all over my face, Grace lamented as she let out a drawn-out sigh. "To be honest, I don't think I did too great. I'm not going to get into the details, but I made a hail mary attempt at gaining some more points, so maybe I will get more points than I thought." She winced as she spoke, feeling grateful for Arina's comforting touch. At least she could be more at ease now.

Arina frowned for a split second after hearing Grace's proclamation of not performing well but quickly adjusted her lips into a slight smile. "I am sure everything will be okay. We are in this together, okay?" She shifted and carefully wrapped her arms around her friend, pulling Grace's head to her chest. "It was really stressful, wasn't it? Let me have this-- even if just for a couple of minutes," she murmured, closing her eyes as she took a deep breath.

Grace faintly blushed, closing her eyes as she rested against Arina. *Well, she does smell nice,* she mused, enjoying the scent of fresh citrus. "That's fine with me..." She muttered, cuddling close to Arina. A few seconds later, she felt an overwhelming sense of exhaustion return. She likely hadn't gotten much of a nap before Arina returned. As much as she wanted to stay like this for another hour or two, she wasn't sure if staying awake was possible. "I don't mean to be a buzzkill, but I might have to head back to my room for a nap."

Arina momentarily paused, taking a slow breath before speaking. "I know this is probably really weird of me to ask, but could I lay with you? I... I am tired as well. I don't really want to be alone right now."

A tingle of warmth spread through Grace as she listened to those words. "Y-- Yes, please join me," she responded without thinking. There was nothing wrong or weird about two female friends sharing a bed, right?

The two friends stood and walked back to Grace's room. Arina briefly stopped at her own quarters to change into a nightgown before exiting to continue onward. "Onward to your room, Grace!" She beamed with a grin, making an effort to sound chipper and optimistic.

Grace wouldn't help but blush and notice how nice Arina looked, her supple form and tan skin contrasting wonderfully against the white, translucent fabric. It wasn't hard to make out the delicate, feminine features beneath. Two perky points stood upon her well-formed breasts, indenting upon the material. *Has she always had such lovely hips?* Grace wondered, noting how shapely Arina was with her incredibly hip-to-waist ratio and noticeable back curve. Her body temperature rose as a dull throb manifested between her legs. Would it really be okay to share a bed with her? Grace temporarily forgot all about how horrifying today had been.

Arina blushed, noticing the way Grace stared at her. "Umm-- shall we keep moving then? Do I look weird?" She self-consciously asked, crossing her arms over her chest as she shifted her eyes toward the wall.

Grace turned beet-red and let out a nervous laugh. "O-- oh, I'm sorry! I just spaced out, is all." She waved her hand and started walking forward once more. *What's up with that reaction? It isn't like me to get worked up like that,* Grace thought, feeling an odd mix of emotions. Ever since that first dosage of-- whatever the hell those sociopaths injected them with, she had felt off. Her body was getting hot and bothered more quickly, and she grew more aroused. She was too frightened to consider the implications; focusing on the upcoming games and maintaining her sanity was much more manageable.

Upon reaching her bedroom, Grace grabbed a tee-shirt and pair of boxer shorts before briefly retreating to her bathroom. She exited and cast another glance toward Arina. *No-- don't stare. Control yourself.* Grace insisted, tearing her eyes away as she walked to her bed and crawled under the covers. "Come on, let's get some sleep," she insisted as she stifled a yawn.

Arina quickly nodded and got into the bed with Grace. Despite the queen-sized mattress, she chose to stay close to Grace, laying on her side as she faced her friend.

"I'll be right here when you wake up, okay?" She warmly stated, brushing her fingers over Grace's cheek before pulling away.

Grace paused, staring into Arina's green eyes as the throbbing between her legs intensified. She felt her body flush with heat, a pang of hot stickiness saturating her increasingly moist sex. Grace actually felt grateful for the sheer level of tiredness she currently ensured; thanks to that, she could ignore her heightened sense of arousal. "Y-- Yeah, sounds wonderful to me." She closed her eyes tightly as her need for sleep overpowered the arousal.

Grace's eyes opened wide as she gasped and sat in bed, breathing deeply. It took a moment for her to gather her senses as she looked around her room. Something immediately seemed off; for one, where was Arina? She was utterly alone in bed. *Maybe she didn't join me? Did I imagine that?*

The next thing she noticed was how utterly soaked her clothes were. She grabbed her damp blanket and pulled it away, looking downward with a confused look. A dim, yellowish light from an unknown source flooded the room, allowing Grace to see how matted and wet her clothes were. After a moment of hesitation, she slipped her fingers to the hem of her shirt. She immediately felt the fabric's sticky and slimy, eliciting a shocked gasp as her heart rate picked up. Now trembling, she touched her arm covered in a thin, slimy film. "What-- the hell?" She gawked, shakily pulling her hand away and moving it close to her eyes. She pushed her finger and thumb together and slowly pulled away as a stick strand connected the two digits.

Grace shivered with disgust, wiping her hand on the blanket next to her only to find that it was equally soaked through with viscous ooze. Now panicked, Grace stood up, her legs wobbling as a hot prickle manifested in her fingertips and toes before spreading up through her limbs. "A--ahh..." It felt so peculiar; she couldn't describe this sensation. Grace didn't need to touch herself to recognize her sweat was thick and syrupy. Despite the anomalous behavior of her body, a strange wave of calm washed over her as soon as the prickly sensation reached her abdomen and chest. *No one is here, so why not play with me a little?* The voice in her head innocently asked, egging Grace on to relieve some tension.

"What-- no... I can't do that; what the hell is wrong with me?" She cursed herself. "A shower-- I need a shower..." She started to walk toward her bathroom, suddenly noticing her room was bigger than she remembered. Her bathroom door looked far in

the distance, out of her immediate reach. *Has my room always been this huge?* She briefly pondered. Well, it must have been; rooms didn't magically grow overnight.

Grace walked forward, attempting to make haste. With every step, her gait slowed and grew more sluggish. As the bathroom door gradually neared, she hardly noticed the slime now oozing from the walls and ceiling as it reflected the eerie yellow light. She willed herself to move more quickly, but her body responded with slow movements. At this point, her legs didn't leave the ground. They unceremoniously dragged behind her as she awkwardly shuffled forward. *What the hell is going on?* She grimaced as her breath rate picked up. She wiped thick sweat from her brow, pushing away her mounting sense of dread as a hint of arousal bubbled up within her and started to grow. Grace had no idea why she felt this way; her feelings of concern were numbed by her growing need for sexual release while she leaked warm secretions. "A--ahhh... This... Isn't right..." Her mind was too fogged over to form coherent thoughts.

"Oohhh..." Grace weakly moaned as a throb pulsed between her legs. She trembled, crossing her arms as she vaguely noticed the walls around her shimmering. Before Grace could think too hard, a sudden, deep moaning sound in front of her caused her to jump and let out a startled yelp. The bathroom door stood before her, covered in a now-familiar sticky film. *When did I reach the bathroom?* She briefly mused.

"Neeeuuuughh!!" The sexual cries sounded off behind the door.

Grace immediately recalled where she had heard those noises before. "E-- Ella?" She murmured, trying to ignore her need for sexual release. She shakily reached out and grabbed the wet door knob as her breathing grew erratic. A small voice in Grace's head begged her to stop; if Ella was behind that door, wouldn't it be best to leave her alone? Grace hesitated, closing her eyes as she shook her head. "No-- don't do this... I shouldn't. Why am I like this?" She pleaded as a mix of anger and fear washed over her. She could not stop as she tightened her grip and twisted the knob, pulling the door open with a low creak.

"Neeeuuuugh!!!" Ella moaned, laying on the bathroom floor, completely spread-eagle glistening, completely glistening with wetness.

Grace's pupils dilated as she stared in awe, getting a perfect view of Ella from the front. The horse-woman's shimmering, brown fur entranced Grace as she watched, unable to turn away. Ella's nostrils flared as she trembled and shakily slid her fingers up

and down the length of her engorged vulva, letting out deep, guttural neighing sounds as she did so.

"H-- Heehlp mehh!" Ella cried out as she forced her hand into her pussy, gradually sliding to her wrist as sticky sounds flooded the small room. Simultaneously, slime seeped from the walls and ceiling, dripping down like thick rain. "Ahh, don't want to be like thhiisss!" She begged as her vaginal muscles contracted and spasmed, urging her forearm inward as it penetrated further.

Grace felt a mix of excitement and abject horror. She tried to step forward, but her legs were too heavy to move. Panicking, Grace attempted to turn her head away and close her eyes, but her body refused to obey. All she could do was watch as Ella's arm disappeared into her writhing birth canal. "I-- I'm sorry... I-- I can't help you..." She meekly murmured. Her loins throbbed, beckoning for her to reach down to relieve some of that awful, mounting tension. *What the hell is going on? This isn't right-- this is all wrong.* She wanted to cry but couldn't muster up a single tear. To make things worse, the feeling of excitement within her continued to grow as it screamed at Grace to enjoy the show.

"N-- Neeeeeeugh... Don't leuuhk," Ella begged, struggling to make words with her increasingly horse-like muzzle. Despite her words of protest, Ella pushed her arm in further, finally stopping when she reached her elbow. With a deep moan, she pulled her arm out part of the way and then pushed it back in while her vaginal muscles quivered and happily gripped the invading limb. Meanwhile, liquid seeped out around her arm and dribbled down her labia.

Grace couldn't stop herself; unable to put up a fight, her shaky fingers pushed into her dampened boxers and made their way toward her throbbing clitoris. "No... I don't want to look-- I don't want to do this..."

As Grace was about to touch herself, the world around her grew fuzzy and swirled around her as if she were in a balmy, hot maelstrom. Fear welled within her, having no idea what the hell was happening. It all occurred so far and entirely out of nowhere.

Grace yelped as her eyes shot open, darting around as she took in her surroundings. She was in her room; nothing was dripping from the walls, and there was no odd, yellow light bathing everything. Grace closed her eyes and took a few slow

breaths as she began to calm. *It was all a dream, just an awful goddamn nightmare.* She still saw Ella clearly in her head, the image now burned into her mind. It would be a miracle if she ever forgot that sight. After regaining her senses, she realized how warm she was; a living body was curled against her.

Flushing red, she finally realized Arina was cuddled up to her and being adorable. While Grace laid on her back, Arina slept on her side with her chest snugly pressed against Grace, her head resting on Grace's chest while her lovely, tanned arm draped across. Not only that but Arina's leg was wrapped around her as well. While Grace was snugly covered by a blanket, Arina appeared to be outside of it, purely relying on the warmth of her companion's body for sleepy-time comfort.

"H-- Hey, good morning..." Grace muttered, feeling flustered. She hesitated before pushing her fingers through Arina's hair, her heart fluttering. In an instant, she had forgotten the awful nightmare she had just experienced. That same fragrant scent of citrus from before wafted in through her nostrils and caused a pang of excitement to spread through her body.

Arina let out a low yawn and slowly opened her eyes. "Mmm... Yeah-- good morning..." A wide smile spread across her face as she adjusted herself, curling closer as she buried her face against Grace's neck.

Grace wasn't sure how to react; she had never felt this way around another living person before. Arina's optimism and incredible qualities wore on her, making her feel warm and fuzzy whenever they were close. She hadn't considered whether she might be a lesbian before; honestly, she had never put much emphasis on her sexuality or dating at all. Was there a possibility they could have formed some type of trauma bond? She remembered reading about that phenomenon in the past and developing close relationships with those who shared the same traumatic experience. "I suppose there are worse ways to wake up," Grace said as a sly smile spread across her face. She ran her hand down Arina's back, admiring the soft curve of her body. *Should I really be questioning any of this?* She pondered. Even if it was a bond forged through being traumatized, it was one that objectively improved her mood.

"I hope I'm not speaking out of line here, but we should do this again. I actually feel well rested for once," Arina gently stated, letting out a content sigh.

Grace was about to respond when she adjusted her legs and began to notice something was off. It might have been because she was just waking up, but she finally saw how wet everything felt beneath the blankets. "One-- one second here..."

adrenaline coursed through her as she pulled away from Arina and sat up, ripping the veil away from herself. Her heart immediately sank into her stomach, her blood running cold. Her clothes and sheets were completely soaked through with an utterly excessive amount of sweat. She immediately thought back to her dream, which she had assumed to be a work of pure fantasy. "N-- No..." She pushed her hand over the sheet beside her, immediately noticing the unnatural stickiness. Her mind went blank as she covered her face with trembling hands. Was she still dreaming? She knew deep in her heart that this meant she lost the last game; were the changes from losing even finished yet? Her mind raced, darting between a myriad of terrifying thoughts.

Arina blinked, sitting up on her knees as she looked at Grace with concern. "H-- Hey, what's wrong?"

Grace turned, staring at Arina as she noticed how sticky her arms and legs looked. She then turned her eyes downward, realizing her own body fluids had rubbed off onto her precious friend. Arina was covered in whatever horrific substance she had been secreting; in another second or two, Arina would likely realize how hot and sticky the bed had become. "You-- you need to leave! Don't look-- please don't hate me!" Grace begged. She was usually good at keeping her wits about herself but found her mental fortitude getting chipped away by the events of the last forty-eight hours. The significant failure of Variety Hour, that horrific nightmare, and now the devastating reality of her current situation. It would be a lot for anyone to bear.

Yulia sat in her viewing room, watching the scene between Arina and Grace play out with a solemn look spread across her face. She had just been getting ready to make an announcement to the twelve contestants but decided to push it off a little longer. "I'll give the announcement in an hour."

The Mistress initially had no intention of letting all twelve contestants live together, but the insistence of Lucius and another VVIP couldn't be ignored. Starting tomorrow, all the girls would be sharing a communal home together. Yulia was not surprised that Lucius was invested in seeing such a chaotic scenario unfold.

"I hope all of you lovely ladies will be ready for the real Mollusk Match to begin," she muttered, too annoyed at the fact she wasn't being allowed to have her way to enjoy her regular session of sadistic, sexual release at the expense of the transformees.